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Food for Thought Rhyme

By

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"The Leopard's Mark"

"Kathleen of the Everglades"

"The Germ of Life"

"Simple Rhymes"

"Charity versus Mammon"

Etc., etc., etc.

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“CHRISTMAS TIDINGS”

Hark! I hear glad voices singing
Sweet and clear this Christmas morn,
With the chimes of bells co-mingling
Bringing news the Christ is born.
See him in the lowly manger,—
See him rise the Holy one.
God will shield him from all danger
'Til his work on earth is done.

Hear him as he gently calls you,
“Peace on earth, good will toward men,
I have come to help and save you
By the grace of God, Amen:
Come to me, ye weary hearted,
I will give ye needed rest.”
From the Father ne'er be parted,
Place your faith upon his breast.

Hark! I hear the angels singing
Those sweet words the Saviour spake
To me sweetest tidings bringing,
Comes to earth for my soul's sake;
Shout aloud the glad Hosanna,
Shout the glad news far and near,
Christ has come the Great Jehovah,
Come to sooth and calm our fear.

CHORUS

Angels praise his name forever,
Praise him now ye earthly men,
Praise him high, deny him never;
Praise him with a glad Amen.

“TOMORROW”

There is always the day of TOMORROW
As this old day speeds on its rounds,
There is always the sharpeners and grafters
And the Shylocks demanding their pounds,
But as sure as the sun shines above us,
As sure as the night and the day,
The sharpeners and grafters shall suffer
And the Shylocks tenfold shall repay.

The lawyers who prey on the needy,
The judges who sanction their game,
That each may receive graft's divvy
In the might of the law's great name,
Are each of them just as guilty
As the wretch who enters their door
Pleading for mercy from grafters
Who glut on the mites of the poor.

The surgeon who seeks in the flesh ills
To fatten the bulk of his purse,
May gain for a moment the wealth of this world,
But in the next one receives God's curse.
'Twere better a millstone be tied 'round his neck
And cast in the depth of the sea
Than blister his soul with greedy lies
For his services that need not be.

If all would but practice the golden rule
And do as we should for each other,
What a different life would we live on earth,
If we cared as we should for our brother.
No greed or graft would burden us
With slimy trails of sorrow,
No need to care for future things,
Or plan to save for tomorrow.

“THE OLD FOLKS LAMENT”

“Well, wife, our trials will soon be o’er,
I feel the end is nigh,
When we will leave this troubled world,
And reach our homes on high;
Where storms of life can never come,
Nor sickness enter in—
Temptations cannot enter there
To curse our souls with sin.

“You’ve been a good old wife to me
Since we wed years ago,
When your hair was like the raven’s wing
But is now like drifts of snow;
Your cheeks were dimpled soft and bright
And blushed like roses fair,
But now your cheeks are pale and rough
And furrowed with lines of care.

“My life would have been a long, rough road
Had you not been with me,
To help remove the stones of care
And help my eyes to see;
But life has been a bucking nag
For you, dear heart, to ride;
But all the way of jolts and bumps,
You’ve found me at your side.

“Well, wife, I feel we’ve done our share
In bringing children here,
Fulfilled the text of Nature’s law—
Help fill the world with cheer.
Now our lads and lassies all have gone
And left us all alone,
But you have me and I have you,
And that will help atone.

“Our children do not seem to care
That we are getting old,
That death will soon snuff out life’s fires
And leave us stiff and cold;
For they wed and go out from our home,
Bear children of their own,
Who romp and play with shouts of joy,
But leave us all alone.

“Ah, well, I suppose they think it best,
Perhaps they think their boys
Would be too rough and worry us
With all their childish noise;
Too bad, seems they forget when they were young
With noise from stern to bow,
Their racket did not harm us then
And would not harm us now.”

"MY SHAMROCK

"Do yez mind the green plant which I hold in me hand?
Do yez note the bright shade of its green?
Do yez know where it came from and who brought it here,
This plant that is more than a queen?
Sure, then I will tell ye, so list to me now
While I spake of this plant in me hand,
For by the same token I brought it with me
When I first put me foot on this land.

" 'Tis a bright little token from the Emerald Isle,
That gem near the cold North Sea,
And I hold it more dear than all the world,
For the memories it brings back to me:
For it has grown on the graves of me very best friends,
It was watered with tears from me eyes,
And it was planted by Mother before I was born,
So I hold it most dear as a prize.

"When I sailed from old Ireland for this land of the free,
With this Shamrock fresh dug—wet with dew,
Sure the Inspector forbade me to bring it ashore,
So I hid the dear plant in me shoe;
I have cared for that Shamrock through all these years,
From its presence I ne'er want to part,
And when I am called to leave this old Earth,
Lay a sprig of this plant on me heart."

"FOXY TROT"

"Wal S'manthy Ann, I'll tell yer what,
Our gel's plumb crazy abaout Foxy Trot,
But I wouldn't care if 'twuz Verginny Reel,
Old round dance, er toe and heel,
Naow they's got sense and wuth a lot,
But durn this crazy Foxy Trot.

"Thet gel of ourn is so blamed sot
On dancin' 'round in Foxy Trot,
Thet morn to night she hits 'er pace
Like aour old roan hoss in a four-mile race,
And from cellar to gerret, in house or not,
She kavorts and wriggles in Foxy Trot.

"A city feller, a band-box snot,
I vum he started this Foxy Trot,
And any old Fox would be ershamed
To know his walk wuz bein' blamed,
Fer this fool notion of tommy-rot,
This bug-house dance called Foxy Trot.

"Aour gel, she cummed to the old hoss lot,
And she sez she, Paw kin you Foxy Trot?
An' I wuz thet sooprized I give er whack
On top of aour old Roany's back
Thet sent thet hoss 'round thet barn lot
Jest eezactly like aour Sal's Foxy Trot.

"Thet dance ain't decent I'll tell ye thot,
For young gels to dance in Foxy Trot,
And to see 'em wiggle and twist and bow,
To any young dude who show 'em how,—
My land sakes it makes me hot
To see young gels doin' Foxy Trot."

“THE HAMMER’S SONG”

Dang, ding! Dang, ding!
Hear the mighty anvil's ring,
Bringing sparks at every swing,
Like so many diamonds cling
'Round the anvil in a ring,
Fitting spot for any king.
Dang, ding! Dang, ding!

Dang, ding! Dang, ding!
Oh, what a source of delight,
All day long, from morn to night,
Never too heavy, never too light;
Always cheery, always bright,
How they echo from morn to night.
Dang, ding! Dang, ding!

Dang, ding! Dang, ding!
See the bright sparklers at play,
Now they shower, now they spray;
Now they form into rainbow rays,
Always merry, always gay,
Singing their songs the livelong day.
Dang, ding! Dang, ding!

“PAT O'BRIEN'S LAST FIGHT”

Whist ye Spalpeen and rade a loin
Uv the midnight stunt of Pat O'Broin.
Sure 'twuz in nineteen hoondird an' ninety-foive,
But divil a mon is there yet aloive
Who can tell ye the day or the toime
Whin Pat klim to the top of an old red barn
Riddy to shout at the first alarm
And yell as only an Irishman can
If the spook of Mike Casey should wave wan hand
And start a young war of his own.

Pat put wan lanthrun on an ould fince post
To kape him koompanny wid Casey's ghost,
Thin put two lanthruns on a two-be-twice
Of that ould rid barn to skeer the mice
Should they come to worry Pat.
Naow Pat didn't think mooch of yer aould rid tape
Which previnted a mon from takin' a slape
Ef he is worried wid toil and a keg of beer
Which he drank at a wake for Casey's cheer,
So begorra he wint to slape.

Wid his poipe in his mouth and hands on his head
Never a bit did Pat keer for the livin' er dead,
So he sprawled on the roof and sank into slape
And the Spirit of Casey dared him to lape
To the ground for wan more foight.
Now Pat O'Brien sure loved a good foight,
Fer he could foight all day and foight all night,
And no livin' creature could make him a dare
That wouldn't find Pat wid the goods right there
Wid a whoop and his good right arm.

So seein' Moike Casey wance more dancin' 'round
And Spoilin' fer a lovely old foight on the ground,
It made his blood boil wid illigent delight
To join in the shindig of Casey and foight
And settle the question right thin.
Pat niver could tell to the day he wuz dead
Who put all thim naydles and pins in his head,
But the last he raymimbers wuz givin' a scraych
And jumpin' at Casey who stood within raych
Wid an ugly old grin on his mug.

But the naybors who found Pat half livin' an' half dead
Wid ten broken ribs, wan arm, wan head,
All say he wuz smilin' a bootiful smile
And talkin' wid Casey his friend all the while
And beggin' him to stand up an' foight.
We dressed Pat fer his wake nixt day
And called all the naybors and friends in to pray
For the soul of Mike Casey who died wance before
And the soul of O'Brien who wuz lavin' this shore
To hunt for each other and foight.

“MY MOTHER’S SONGS”

I long once more to hear the songs
My mother sang to me,
When quiet evening shadows fell
Across the earth and sea.
Then how her dear sweet voice would sing
In accents soft and low,
While sitting on her dear old knees
She rocked me to-and-fro.

And when the hours of childish toil
Had rushed the day along,
I climbed upon her waiting knees,
And claimed my sleepy song;
Then how her dear old arms would fold
Me tight within’ love’s glow,
And sing to me those dear old songs—
Those songs of long ago.

And when the hour of toil was o’er
She met me at the gate,
And kissed away the marks of toil,
’Twas kind old mother’s trait;
But now that dear, sweet voice is hushed,
And ne’er again will sing
The songs of love that charmed my heart,
And so much pleasures bring.

“THE GRIM REAPER”

“I stealthily creep in the midnight hours,
I walk in the light of mid-day,
But wherever, whenever my touch is felt
A spirit is whisked away.
I spare not those of beautiful form—
The aged, the rich or poor,
My voice is firm, my will is strong,
My aim is steady and sure.
I pity the youth and spare a few
To fulfill their Master’s call,
But soon will I come a Reaper grim
To garner them one and all.”

“MOTHERS OF MEN”

Mothers of men; Oh, mothers of men!
Impossible are words of tongue or pen,
To say what wealth in dollars and cents
Or how many worlds could recompense
You for the birth of one little child.
You who have passed through the valley of death,
You who would share with that child your last breath,
You who have guarded that child with your life,
You who have fought off danger and strife,
You who have made life worth while.

Mothers of men, dear mothers of men!
How much does the world owe you when
You meekly submit to Nature's first law,
By bringing to earth a child without flaw,
And perfected God's own plan.
God in His infinite all-wise way,
Certainly blessed the earth on the day
When He gave you the power of Motherhood;
A power the test of Centuries hath stood,
And will stand as long as the life of MAN.

“LAUGH AND BE GAY”

Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Weep and you weep alone,
For all in this world have their troubles
With no wish to hear others bemoan.

This life is only a gamble—,
A game that we play against Fate,
With Death in the offing as Umpire,
Life loses, Death claims the great stake.

No matter what troubles assail us
It is better to smile and be gay,
Then your troubles will vanish like Mirages—
Silver-lined be the clouds of the day.

Smiles are the greatest blessings
To the forlorn a welcome release,
Laughing brings sunshine through darkness—
'Tis a cure-all for every disease.

Live, laugh and be merry,
For tomorrow you may die.
Don't whine and bemoan your misfortune,
Remember a coward don't Try.

“WHAT OF THE FUTURE?”

Why do we worry and wonder and fret
About the future beyond the grave,
When by living this life to meet grim death
Is all that our soul doth crave?

If we are true to ourselves and true to our soul
We rob death of all of its sting,
And when the time comes to leave this earth life
We gladly step forward and sing.

Stepping forward with songs of rejoicing
That our name is the next on the roll
To be called from this world of sorrows
To enter the home of the Soul.

“OUR DUTY”

If I have cheered a despondent heart,
Helped soothed and eased the pain,
I feel that I've been some use on earth
That my life has not lived in vain.

If I have shown some sinful soul
The straight and narrow way,
I feel that God will reward my deed
When I am called for the Judgment day.

My duty is love for my fellowman,
Giving succor to those in distress
With kind words here and bright smiles there
Casting sunbeams upon the oppressed.

“I CANNOT SING”

I cannot sing those dear old songs
That we sang in days gone by,
For now my heart is weary
And each note I sing is a sigh.

I cannot forget at evening time,
As shadows stole down the dell
Our hearts broke forth in joyous songs
As we list to the evening bells.

I cannot forget our childhood,
Or forget those happy times
When sitting in the twilight hours
We echoed those dear sweet chimes.

Those dear old songs we used to sing
With voices sweet and clear,
Were songs of love and happiness
And of friends we loved so dear.

“MEDITATION”

What an awful thing seems death, yet how secure
Is the life we live beyond the grave if here our lives are pure.
God in his wondrous wisdom plucks here and there a flower,
That each may sleep to wake again to praise his Infinite power.
Consider the infant who knows no sin nor death,
But comes to earth a precious pearl—a rose with perfumed
breath

Wafting about us one harmonious chord of love,
Pointing out and guiding our feet to eternal life above.
We grieve when its life departs us, but we mourn our loss in
vain,

For only joy should fill our hearts with hopes to meet again.
Pause, meditate, and picture in your own mind's eye,
Will your life be pain or eternal joy if this hour you should die?

“MY HOME IN THE DEEP”

Oh, my home is the floor of the deep,
As wild waves over me sweep,
Where they churn and boil
In a mad turmoil
On the surface how madly they leap;
But down here we have only peace
Of the kind that shall never more cease,
Life is just one sweet dream
In our submarine,
As we glide o'er the floor of the deep.

Oh, come ride with me under the sea,
And learn what it means to be free
From all strife up above,
While down here all is love—
Oh, come try a trip here with me.
On the top where the loud thunders roll,
And storms drive your ship from her goal,
Where the tallest masts crash
To the lightning's flash,
Down here is the place then to be.

“NEWS OF THE BELLS”

Ring aloud ye sweet-toned bells,
Sweetest music your glad news tells—
Peace has come on earth again,
Peace good will among men;
Join the millions trumpets sound,
News that spread the whole world 'round,
Hearts were saddened, now are gladdened
By your joyful news, Amen.

Ring ye bells, ring out today,
Freedom's Peace has come to stay,
Shout aloud that Peace, sweet Peace,
Comes to earth to ne'er more cease:
Over the top of the battle's smoke—
Out of the trenches where gases choke,
Out of the din of the battle's Sin,
Peace brings sweet release.

"DON'T CRITICISE"

It is never best to criticise
What other people do,
It's best your words should sympathize
Lest harsh words you may rue.

If you can say commending words,
Then say them loud and long,
But it's better you are never heard,
Than chant the Critic's song.

Those who dwell in a house of glass
Should never throw a stone,
Lest other folks may knock your class
And tumble down your home.

Try to see the better side
Of the other fellow's life,
He may minimize the faults you hide
When other's words run rife.

"A MOTHER'S SACRIFICE"

(Dedicated to Mrs. Alice Dodd in honor of her son, Corporal James B. Gresham, the first American soldier killed by the Germans in France, at 3 A.M., November 3, 1917.)

I.

Our Nation called, I gave my boy
With a cheerful free good will,
And tho' he has died a soldier's death,
His spirit is with us still,
And knowing my boy as none others know,
I am sure my poor brave son
Would never care to have his mother wear
Deep mourning for her lost one.

II.

God has thought best to call my boy
Among the first of this great world-war
To give up his home, his friends, his life
Now his name shall be known near and far.
I know my tears flow thick and fast
But they are only tears of joy,
For I know that my son would not have me don
Deep mourning for my dear boy.

III.

I am sure in the land you tried to help
There is some mother good and brave,
Who will think of your mother that cannot come
To scatter bright flowers on your grave.
Sleep on dear son, in a far-off land,
In the sleep of Eternal rest,
Although grief I bear, your mother will wear,
The colors her boy loved best.

IV.

Our Nation needs this sacrifice
We mothers are called to give
And God, by His infinite holy will,
Says who is to die or live.
Tho' my sorrow is greater than I can bear,
Yet will I smile with pride and joy,—
It shall never be said I covered my head
With crepe for my dear brave boy.

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